

EXTRA
A WOMAN CANDIDATEMrs. Emma Beckwith to Run for Mayor
in Brooklyn.She Tells Nell Nelson What She
Proposes to Do.

Mrs. Emma Beckwith, who wants to be Mayor of Brooklyn, lives at No. 35 Cranberry street in this big, stately city.



She found her this morning in her pretty back parlor sitting in front of a grate fire, studying the question of public politics among the glowing coals, with her little white hands clasped about her knees and pretty russet slippers toying the fender. The room was bright with color, and as inviting as rugs, rocking-chairs, books and papers could make it. Pots of creeping Charlie, geranium and moss filled the bow windows, and a jolly old ivy wound its branches lovingly about the wheel and distaff of an old spinning-wheel.

The opponent of Col. Baird and Mayor Chapin is a womanly woman in the very prime of life. She is serious, earnest, gentle, fearless, wide awake, interesting, just and charming; she has health, fire and repose; a good face, a warm heart and an honest desire to do something, and she has brains.

"I'm glad to see a woman from THE EVENING WORLD. I like men, but I can better make a woman understand my position. I don't want to be laughed at in the luncheon. It has all come upon me so suddenly that I hardly know what to say or do."

"You see, my plans are not laid yet, but I've been thinking over the matter all summer. Something has got to be done if the condition of woman is to be bettered. The great drawback to all woman's work is the lack of woman's interest. They will not help one another. Woman is woman's most relentless foe."

"What do you propose to do?"

"Help women. If I am elected Mayor of Brooklyn I will see that there are women on the School Board, in every police court, police station and prison in the city. I will have women on the Board of Health and in the Board of Public Works. Don't you think there are women in this city who would sweep our streets quicker and cleaner than the men who are now employed and who pretend to do that work?"

"I could rally a staff of 500 in fifteen minutes. They'd be glad to get the job, and they'd be worthy of the hire, too."

"Now I know what you are going to say. Look! Stuff and nonsense. They must have bread not only for themselves, but their children, and not seldom for their husbands. It might shock the sensibilities of our ladies to see their less fortunate sisters sweeping off the cobblestones, but they would recover from it. The sweepers would scorn the proffered loaf. More, they would sing, smile and be merry over it, for there was never a sterner road to clean as a tubful of clothes."

"I wouldn't like to see a woman driving a dust-cart or an ash-wagon to the dumping-bergs, but I intend that she can be used to better advantage in matters pertaining to the public health of our city than men. I want to see her appointed inspector of tenement-houses, factories and markets, and when she gets to work and submits her first report, I know the work will have begun to take effect. I want to see a good woman in every station in Brooklyn."

"Then there is the great army of factory girls—those blitheesome, brave, noble little money-makers whose lives are a series of self-sacrifice and privation. I want to reach them, give them a better atmosphere and purer surroundings—morally and hygienically; to help them with encouragement and enlightenment and bring about a better feeling, if not better wages, than they now receive from capital and society."

"Will you have a platform?"

"No. It isn't as though I were a candidate for President. Little is expected in a municipal campaign. I shall make few promises and pledge myself to do only three things—clean the city and keep it clean; get the educational system out of the hands of the wire-pulling politicians, and use the sweet, wholesome influence of woman to fight down the viciousness that is propagated and nurtured in and about our police courts and prisons."

"How will you work?"

"From here. I will do the so-called lobbying in my parlor. I have no money and I won't buy votes. I won't go out to get them, either. Help, if I can to have it, must come to me."

"I shall have to."

"I shall have to."

"What kind of ballots will you have?"

"Yellow. Dandelion color, the national flower, you know."

"I don't like yellow."

"Then I'll not have it. How would primrose pink do? Yes, then, I will print them on primrose pink."

NELL NELSON.

BIGAMY CHARGED.

Lawyer Newcombe Has Lederer Arrested
for Marrying His Daughter.Actress Chester Had Claims on Him
Before the Elopement.The Young Manager Indicted by
the Grand Jury To-Day.Arraigned Before Judge Martine and
Held in \$2,500 Bail.

George W. Lederer, manager of Herrmann's Vandeventers, who eloped Saturday night with Lawyer Richard S. Newcombe's daughter Ida and got married to her in Long Island City, was arrested at the Union Square Theatre this afternoon on a charge of bigamy.

Detective Hertz, Kelly took his prisoner to the District Attorney's office. Lederer was arraigned before Judge Martine in Part I. of General Sessions.

It then came out that Lederer had been indicted by the Grand Jury for bigamy in marrying Lawyer Newcombe's daughter, probably on the complaint of Mr. Newcombe himself, the allegation being that Mr. Lederer was matrimonially bound to Sarah Chester, a danseuse in his company.

Judge Martine fixed bail for Lederer at \$2,500.

Lawyer Price, who appeared for Lederer, wanted his client paroled in his custody, saying he knew Lederer would not run away, but the Judge refused his request.

When Lawyer Newcombe was seen by a reporter and informed of Lederer's arrest he did not seem at all surprised. He would give no information about the case.

It is claimed that the marriage which took place Saturday evening in Long Island City between Mr. Lederer and Ida Marie Newcombe was not legal, because Mr. Lederer was prior to that in matrimonial relations to Miss Clara Chester, a danseuse in Herrmann's Vandeventers company.

Mr. Lederer does not deny that he lived with Miss Chester for some months. No claim is made that there was a marriage ceremony between them.

An Evening World reporter called on Mr. Newcombe at his office this morning. The reporter asked Mr. Newcombe what steps he intended taking and if he had already taken any.

"That is not for me to say," replied the lawyer. "My wife will take all necessary steps in the matter."

Whom do you mean when you say his wife?" queried the reporter.

"I mean his first wife."

"That is Miss Clara Chester?"

"Then you think that their living together in the Coleman House constitutes a legal marriage?"

"Not the mere fact of their living together," the lawyer replied, "but other facts as well."

"I cannot tell you."

Are you of the opinion that Mr. Lederer can be prosecuted for bigamy?" asked the reporter.

"Most certainly I am. He can be prosecuted for bigamy."

At 3.30 p. m. Michael T. Burke, retired liquor merchant, of 30 Chambers street, gave bail for Lederer, and the latter was released.

KILLED BY DYNAMITE

A Terrible Explosion Destroys Property
and Life in Montreal.

MILVAINE'S CONVICTION.

After Thirty Hours the Jury Found Him
Guilty of Murder in the First Degree.

The jury in the case of Charles Milvaïne, the young burglar who killed George Christian W. Lucas in Brooklyn, after thirty hours of deliberation brought in a verdict convicting the prisoner of murder in the first degree.

The verdict was not agreed upon until 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and after repeated requests had been sent to Judge Moore to be discharged, as there seemed no prospect of an agreement.

At the first polling the jury stood nine for conviction, two for a verdict of murder in the second degree and one for acquittal on the ground of insanity. The last named held out till the last.

Milvaïne will probably be brought up for sentence to-morrow. It is understood that his counsel, ex-Judge Curtis, will move for a stay, pending an appeal.

Dinner and Quinlan, Milvaïne's associates in the Lucas burglary, will probably be tried next week.

A SURPRISE AT NEWMARKET.

BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.
LONDON, Oct. 24.—The Houghton Meeting was brought to a close at Newmarket today, with the Cambridge Handicap as the feature.

The race was run over the new course, a mile and 240 yards, and was won by Mr. J. Hammond's three-year-old, Laureate, who stood about 20 to 1 against in the betting.

Capt. Mitchell's three-year-old, (Fairbelle), was second, and Capt. Jones's three-year-old, (The Twenty-two), was third. The result of the race was a great surprise. The winner, Laureate, carried a heavy load, and the race was a very close one. The large attendance present.

DR. M'GLYNN'S FRIEND DEAD.

Miss Theresa Kelly, an Ardent Anti-Poverty, Dies of Apoplexy.

Miss Theresa Kelly, one of the most loyal and enthusiastic of the band of faithful friends that followed Dr. McGlynn out of St. Stephen's Church, and has stuck to him ever since, dropped dead today at her home, 67 East Twelfth street.

Miss Kelly was a career-maker. She was found dead with her face toward the door. She had been in bed for some time, and her death was a great loss to the Anti-Poverty Society, and many members looked to her house on hearing of her death.

To Successfully Act Upon the Liver and Bile, take small doses of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

GIANTS' WIN.

The Fifth Game of the
World's Series Taken in
Their Eager Clasp.

GOTHAM WILL BREATHE EASIER.

For Her Baseball Pets Show Symptoms
of Playing Ball Again.The Two Presidents Patch Up a Peace
Before the Game.

New York 11

Brooklyn 3

THE SERIES TO DATE.

Brooklyn 2 2 .000

New York 2 2 .400

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
WASHINGTON PARK, BROOKLYN, Oct. 24.—

When yesterday afternoon the fourth game of the world's series was called in darkness in the last half of the sixth inning, Brooklyn had scored her third victory and New York her third defeat, and prolonged kicking had for the third time brought an important game to an unfinished end.

President Day was greatly incensed and requested a meeting with President Byrne to-day. The demand was acceded to, and early this afternoon the two Presidents, together with Managers Mutrie and McGinnis, met in Mr. Byrne's office and talked over the matter of kicking and the other facts.

It was agreed to summon the two umpires, Gaffney and Lynch, and the two captains, Ewing and O'Brien, and instruct them that further kicking must not be. Neither captain nor player is to dispute a decision in any way.

Furthermore, anything that may cause delay in the game must not occur.

If a player injured he must give way to a substitute and not waste twenty minutes of daylight to nurse an alleged injured finger, as Caruthers did on Monday last. It was also agreed that the New York management should see to it that a sufficient number of balls should be in sight when play was called.

In future, too, it was agreed that games here should be called promptly at 2.30 o'clock, while at the Polo Grounds play should be begun at 2.15 o'clock.

Only 1,500 people saw the New York champions drive in upon the grounds this afternoon. The weather, if possible, was even worse for the national sport than yesterday's.

A raw, chill wind swept with considerable force across the diamond, but the disagreeable weather was little felt by occupants of the grand stands, for its direction tended towards the outfield and blew almost directly in the players' faces, thus favoring the batsman rather than the pitcher.

The splendid work, which Ed Crane has done of late, justified the confidence in him shown by the management in putting him again in the box to-day.

An uphill fight is just the sort that Crane likes best, and it is possible he will do the pitching for New York from this time out.

Ewing hit his thumb in yesterday's game, and though he pluckily caught that game out, today the injured member was so painful that Buck benched himself and sent Bill Brown into catch.

Nick Engel, most faithful friend of the New York Club, was among those who braved the Arctic frigidity, his fervid proportions enveloped in torgery well calculated to keep out the cold.

Senator Sam Wain, formerly Boston's short-stop, now of Washington, was very much present, and rooting for New York. He went about the grounds receiving ovations prior to the game.

Pat Powers, who will control the destinies of the Brooklyn Club next year, talked baseball and politics with fellow magnates.

Gen. Dixwell, of course, was early at the grounds, and so was Walter Appleton. Both were swathed in winter costumes.

Proprietor Leary, of the famous Ponce de Leon Hotel, St. Augustine, told of the genial tropical weather folks in Florida were enjoying this afternoon, and said he pitied the unfortunate whom circumstances compelled to dwell in the Arctic climate of Brooklyn and New York.

Play was called with not more than 2,000 people looking on.

The batting order:

NEW YORK.
O'Brien, c. f.
Collins, 1. b.
Brown, c. f.
Ward, s. f.
Pinker, 2. b.
Clark, c. f.
Caruthers, p.
Corkhill, c. f.
Smith, s. f.
Umpire—Messrs. Gaffney and Lynch.

The game.

For the fifth time in the series the New Yorks came to bat first.

Gore, as usual, led off. Three balls were called, and then George popped up a high foul back of third, and the crowd distinctly showed its Brooklyn favoritism by howling delightedly as Pinkney's catch caused Gore's out.

Tierman hit the ball hard and a high fly was the result; but the ball had no sooner taken flight than O'Brien also took wing, and he and the ball met very near the foul line.

Bill Brown, in Ewing's place, was next up, and he in turn succumbed, Pinkney proving a wall

too formidable for Bill's hard-hit bouncer to climb. No runs.

Darby O'Brien met a straight ball, high and directly over the plate, with his bat and sent it on a journey to left, but Jim O'Rourke was on hand to greet the wanderer, and the hearty hand-clasp he extended caused the Brooklyn captain's out.

Collins then was struck out squarely and fairly as ever a player was, but Gaffney could see nothing but balls, and four of them sent Collins to first.

Crane was mad, and in spite of the rules and regulations, indulged in a few forcible remarks to Gaffney.

Then occurred a play which caused Gothamites to shout with joy.

Burns was a good grinder to Whitney. Collins had secured a good lead to third and reached that base just as Whitney stopped the ball.

Thinking the latter would field the sphere to first, Collins made a break for home; but that was where Whitney waited him, for he held the ball just long enough to see Collins's intentions and then threw home to Brown, who touched the runner out and threw to Richardson at second in time for that player to touch out Burns, that young man having in a very reckless manner perambulated towards second. No runs.

THIRD INNING—WHITNEY OPENS AGGRESSIVELY.

Whitney opened this inning very suspiciously for run-getting.

He launched a liner to center, which, when it struck the ground, and it so forcibly that the reaction sent the ball over the fence, and so far into the field beyond that Whitney reached third base.

Then a wild pitch followed, and the lucky little batsman scored the first run of the game.

Crane followed with a grounder, which Smith fielded to first in the nick of time.

Gore was given his base on balls, and took second on Tierman's rattling single to center.

Line her out, Bill! The luck struck Ewing from the grand stand as Brown came to bat and the big Californian did it.

BILL BROWN LINES HER OUT.

He clapped a corking single to left which brought Gore home and sent Tierman to third. Brown himself took second on the throw in.

Then Ward knocked a difficult fly to right, which was caught by Collins, and then Tierman to second and promoted Brown to third.

Connor fouled out to Pinkney. Richardson knocked a ball which Smith, though he fell down, managed to stop.

Brown scored, but Ward in trying to do that same thing was caught at the plate. Four runs.

CRANE'S BLUCK AT A CRITICAL POINT.

Corkhill, with two strikes called, was sent to first on balls. He reached second on Smith's sacrifice grounder to Connor.

Then O'Brien was also kindly treated by Crane and Gaffney, and trotted to first on called balls.

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